A BLACKSMITH'S STORY. He Tells What May Happen to a Stror Man with Hard Muscles,

"Up to the spring of 1898," he says, "1 was all right, and swung my big sledge as I would a took hammer. Then I began to he out of sorts. After every meal I had min and distress, and I began to lose wight and strength.

wome day a man came along to have his here shed, and I told him how I felt. He and I count to try the new medicine named Calcura Selvent, discovered by Dr. David

Well, I got a bottle the next day, to trouble to follow. Then I picked extrength, and have kept right along work ever since. My stomach I to bother me-with short breath

al hard muscles are not always together. Athletes are likely to be in the stomach, liver, kidneys and man may lift 500 pounds and the next minute. Look out for your digestion and your general health, and let your strength take care of itself. r druggist is out of Calcura Sol. \$1.00 to Dr. David Kennedy,





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flon. Connecting at Millers Fails with
on X Maine R. R., at Palmer with Boston
Bany R R., at New London with N. Y., N.

or Springfield and New York. for Millers Falls, Palmer and Ne connecting at Millers Falls for Bo

140 p.m., for Springsteld and New York.
140 p.m., for Springsteld and New York.
143 p.m., for Springsteld and New York.
145 p.m., for Springsteld and Sew York.
145 p.m., for Millers Fails and stations on Division Beaton & Maine R. R., Patmer and New Lordon and New York via Norwich Line.

GOING NORTH. Trates arrive at Bratteboro as follows:

185 a. 10., from New York via Norwich Line and
New London also from Springfield.

18 p. m., from Boston via Millers Fails and
from New London.

21.5.3. and 10.10 m. from New York and

From New London.

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Saturated. 18.10 runs only.

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Connecticut and Passumpsic Divisie Summer arrangement, 1901. TRAINS BOUND SOUTH.

Leave Bellows Falls, 4.40 8.20 1.8: Arr dramebero, 5.18 9.40 2.05 1.6: Greenfield, 7.25 11.20 3.30

TRAINS BOUND NORTH. letre Bellows Falls 6.32 a. m., 12.10, 3.06, 7.00 Arr Windson 7 90, 1.08, 3.55, 7.50, *11.57 p. m. TRAINS NORTH BOUND.

TRAINS SOUTH BOUND. Windoor 3 50, 7.24 a. m., 12.10, 12.25, Arr to House Falls, "4 35, 8 10, 12 30, 1.17, 3 51,



Captain F. A. MITCHEL, Author of "Chattanooga," "Chickamaug Copyright, 1807, by Harper & Brothers

CHAPTER N-CONTINUED.)

A dozen yards-fifty-a hundred. The music of Ginger's banjo dies as suddenly as the clang of a bell on a passing engine. Will one minute or five pass before I am missed? A distant burst of applause-God bless the dear little dancer! Before me is an open space, then a dense clump of trees. If I can reach that thicket I can make a quick digression, and this may throw my pursuers off my track.

A confusion of yells, a bullet whistling by my ear. I reach the wood and push on through it, not daring to lose distance by digression with an enemy close behind me. My feet becoming entangled in a vine, I stumble and fall. A weight comes down on me, crushing the breath out of me. It is all over. Panting, bleeding, white as a ghost, am led back to the guerrilla camp.

"Shoot him!" "Tie him on a critter an send him

down the mounting!" A babel of brutal suggestions came from the different members of the band, sounding to me, stunned as I was, like final random shots at the slaughter of a "forlorn hope." Amid the clamor I saw but one sight-Helen and Jack locked in each other's arms, paralyzed with terror.

"Stand back, men!" cried the captain, pushing his way toward me-"Have yo' forgot the money?" "Stand back!" roared Halliday.

pelongs to me an Tom Jaycox! We

The captain's authority, thus supported, saved me from immediate death.



Panting and bleeding, I am led back to the guerrilla camp.

11,003,435

The men who were crowding around me gave way, a cord was brought, and my wrists and ankles were securely bound. No one seemed to suspect that Jack's dance had anything to do with my flight, except that I had taken advantage of the relaxed vigilance to esting to them.

CHAPTER XL

object of undivided interest. The struck me and clasped a jackknife. men crowded about her, staring admiration, vainly seeking a way to up a carbine. He had doubtless stolen do her honor. Presently they cut sap- It from one of the men who slept on lings, out of which they constructed a the edge of the circle about the fire. rude chair, decorating it with twigs, Again he disappeared, and I watched and one ill favored bandit, to whom nature had imparted a spark of art, gathered wild flowers with which to put on finishing touches. When the seat was completed, the men looked awkwardly at Jack, and the captain, presenting the tips of his fingers, led her to ber improvised throne. Helen, who at the first sign that I was to be

temporarily spared had recovered her equanimity and had infused some of her restored courage into Jack, saw at once the advantage of keeping up her cousin's popularity. Seizing some of the flowers, she wove them on a framework of green twigs into a circular garland and insisted on crowning the favorite, not queen of May, for May had face, not yet come, but queen of a month far

more appropriate-April. roaring fire was lighted, and the guer- arm, and, behold, another gun Again rillas, forming a ring of which Jack a white line of teeth, and he puts the was the gem, threw themselves on the weapon down. Five, 10, 15 minutes ground and listened to her chat, her chapse. Ginger holds his ground. Has songs, her stories, their fire lighted he gone to sleep? No. Anther five faces standing out of the gloom in minutes, and he holds up another gun. grim contrast with her refined beauty. Ah, I see. Little Buck, with catlike The captain, with his superior breed- fread, is gathering in the arss. That's ing, served as a link between her and his men, keeping them in check and deliente work than a stiff oldnegro. stimulating their admiration by his own. If Jack flagged for a moment be- shape in my mind and brig anticipatween her stories and her songs, Helen | tions of more than a fight or my own was quick to suggest new ones, and oc-

Buck, who would throw in some quaint remark typical of that peculiar creature, the American boy. So long as the songs and stories lasted there was nothing to precipitate trouble, but the entertainment could not go on all night, and I began to dread the moment when the girls

should attempt to take their departure.

Presently Helen in a firm voice said: "Come, it's time for us to go." Shouts of "No!" "A dance!" "A song!" greeted the proposition, and the guer-That Leave Bellows Falls 1.30. Arrive rillns began to form in groups to resist an exit. Helen, selecting the noisiest an exit. Helen, selecting the noisiest in J. Fl. 2 Nife Es., Gen Pass and Ticket Agt knot of men, drew a revolver from here.

pocket and, cocking it, moved toward them with her eyes fixed upon them, calm and steady. Whether it was that they were cowed by the weapon or admired this evidence of woman's pluck, they opened a way. The captain, seizing the opportunity, quickly took Jack by the hand and led her after her cousin. Once beyond the ring, he assisted the girls to mount, then, mounting himself, the three rode away, followed by a cheer. As for me, I breathed one long sigh of relief.

"Well, Ginger," said Buck, "reckon ef we uns air goin to git to Sparty tomorrer we'll have to travel all night." "Is the nigger takin yo' to Sparty or air yo' takin the nigger?" asked one of the men.

"Dat ain't gwine to mak' no differ'." said Ginger. "Mars Buck an I don' never had no trouble. Mars' Buck, he's my mars' till I gits to de new one." Buck led his horse to the log and

"Gimme a rope offen that pack mule!" | mounted, giving me a significant look, as much as to say, "I won't desert you," then rode away, followed by Ginger, with the remark:

"Goodby, yo' fellers. Much 'bliged fo' the good time."

The restraint of the girls' presence being no longer felt, the men's behavior changed in a twinkling. The captain's absence left Pete Halliday, the worst man in the gang, free to foment trouble, and he began to do so by sneering at his chief for being brought, as he expressed it, under petticoat government. There appeared to be two factions in the band-the one headed by Halliday or Jaycox and the other by Captain Ringold. Halliday set about instigating the guerrillas, or, rather, his adherents, to go after Helen and Jack and bring them back for another dance. To make matters worse, one of the men found some applejack, and it was not long before the gang were balf drunk. Meanwhile the captain returned and received a hearty cursing from Halliday and his adherents. Several of them started to bring back the girls, but Ringold drew upon them and threatened to shoot them unless they returned. They staggered back, grumbling, and the captain adroitly proposed another pull at the applejack. This diverted them, and after finishing the liquor one after another sank into a drunken slumber.

It was midnight. Every member of the band was asleep save the man who was deputed to guard me. He was sitting on a piece of firewood, so placed that he could watch me across the flame. I lay on my back looking up at the stars and featherlike clouds that now and again floated across the great blue dome, the only motion apparent save the tree tops bending under an occasional breeze. The fire flickered, the guard nodded, and an owl in the distance gave an occasional hoot.

I heard something stir in the underbrush. Glancing aside, I saw a small light disk over a bush. It was the face of little Buck.

Now, in the name of all the gods, will those devoted friends never give over make the attempt. Having tied me, those devoted friends never give over they threw me to the ground, Halliday risking their lives in these useless atgiving me a parting kick; a man was tempts? What is to happen now? I deputed to watch me, and the band, ac- scowled an order to the boy to go customed to such episodes, left me to away, but he paid no attention to it. turn again to what was far more inter- Something came sliding along the ground and lodged against me. guard heard it, started, cast a quick glance at me, then about him, but, AQUELINE once more became an mer quietude. I felt for what had

Meanwhile Buck disappeared, but at her, uttering exclamations of soon appearing again in his place, held engerly for his return. The guard was still awake, though nodding, but had he been more watchful he would not likely have discovered Buck, for the underbrush, both where the boy ap peared to me and where it skirted the sleeping guerrillas, was so thick thit in passing around the camp he wis comparatively safe from observation. Besides for most of the distance Buck traversed in his gun foray the guad's

back was toward him. I watch the point where Buck's lead appeared, expecting to see it afain, but in its stead presently see two white points. Straining my eyes, I decern the whites of two eyes, then a black

It is Ginger. A white line appears more appropriate—April.

By this time night had come on, a ling his teeth in a smile. He ruses his well. He is far better fitte for such

The little pantomime begas to take casionally both were relieved by little Ginger secure sufficient ains, it may be possible for all our pary to get to-

tell Ginger to get some ammunition. But with a guard looking straight at me it is no easy task to convey an order by signs, and that to a stupid negro. Catching sight of a small stone beside me, I put out my hand, yawning to conceal my intention, let it fall on the stone and soon had it between the knuckle of my thumb and the point of my forefinger, as a boy holds a marble. Watching till the guard's head is turned, looking meaningly at Ginger, I fire the stone a short distance, hoping he will understand the word 'ammunition." His face is a blank; it is evident that he does not know what I mean, and there is no prospect of his getting it through his thick skull.

Ginger turned away, and I knew that he was speaking to his young master; then Buck's white face showed itself inquiringly behind the negro's black one. I looked meaningly at Buck and repeated the motion of firing. He caught my meaning and, taking up a gun, made a motion as if ramming cartridge, looking at me inquiringly. I indicated that he was right. He went away and after a long absence came back and held up four cartridges, two in each hand. Then, putting down the knew that they had secured three guns. He next held up four tingers of the other hand, pointing to the sleeping guerrillas, and I knew he proposed to get one more gun.

Buck was a long while capturing the fourth gun. One of the men awoke, yawned, sat up and looked into the fire, yawned again, lay down and was soon snoring. Then the guard got up from where he was sitting. There was a slight sound in the bushes, and be listened attentively. Then he put some wood on the fire and sat down again He had scarcely scated himself before Ginger held up the fourth gun.

I moved slightly, showing my friends by my manner that I was about to try to get away. They appeared to under-



The quard opened his eyes and looker streight at me.

stand and gathered up the guns. Buel taking one and Ginger three, doing al so silently that no sound reached ever me. I waited, watching the guard in tently till be should nod. I had no expectation of his going to sleep. I only before he should discover my move ment. He nodded. I moved. He open He had opened the blade. Drawing up my ankles, then felt in my boot leg for down the mountain"the revolver. I was about to cock I when I remembered that the guard band. The owl, which had for some gave three hoots in succession. I count I was ready, then motioned them to help?" go. Waiting long mough for them to "No, siree; I'm not goin out o' hyar, to expose us to the perils of a law-put a few hundred pards between them I'm goin t' stay an fight with the rest." less life. Each of the different attiand the camp and noticing that the guard's eyes were still shut, I preparet to follow.

Rising slowly and silently, keeping raising my revolver and taking as good get through as easily as you." an aim as possible with bound wrists I stood on my feet. One step back if I am little." ward, then another, a third, a fourth a fifth, a sixth. I had reached the I'll go myself." bushes where Buck and Ginger has one more step which would secure con cealment when the guard opened hi eyes and looked straight at me.

Surprise was his last emotion, m, mars'," he added to me. figure the last sight he ever saw. the report had ceased to reverberat was in the bushes,

> CHAPTER XII. A DAYLIGHT ATTACK.

ESPITE the thickness of the surrounding underbrush, ing clean over bushes, dartin around trees and under low limbs, afl er running some 200 yards from the tively open space. Seeing a figure standing within it and surmising it to be one of my friends, I was about to "Halt!" I knew that I was covered by a weapon and stopped short.

Are you"-"Yes, and you"-"Helen. This way."

She darted away like a deer. I soon overtook her, and together we ran perhaps half a mile, when she began to

the

gether and make a defense. I must climb an ascent leading to the base of an overhanging cliff. I saw through the gloom a large and a small figure climbing just ahead of us and knew they were Ginger and Buck. Helen led the way up to a recess in the cliff, and I saw at once a position that we could hold against a dozen men so long as we

had food and ammunition.
"Hello!" It was Jack's cheery voice. "Goody! Ain't I glad to get out o' the wilderness!"

"I'm glad enough." I said as soon a I could get breath to speak, "but you women"

There was no time for words. W set about rolling a big stone into a gap between two others, and as soon as it was in position had a continuous breastwork. The guerrillas were calling to each other in the woods below. but they did not seem to know where we were. I picked up one of the guns Ginger had thrown down, Buck had one in his hands, Ginger kept one, and Helen seized the remaining one.

"Where do I come in?" chirped Jack. "Here." I handed her the revolver, in which there were five loaded cham bers, and told her to hold on to it, as she would doubtless need it. We all took position behind our breastworks boxes, he held up three fingers, and I | ready to repel an assault, at the same time seeing to the condition of our They were cavalry carbines, all loaded and capped ready for use

"Where are your horses?" I asked. "Picketed down there," Helen re plied, pointing westward, "in a thicket not far from the road."

"Have you anything to cat?" She glanced at a parcel on the ground. "I got that in a cabin. There's some corn pone and pork."

"Barely enough for one meal. Any water?" "There's some water trickling be

tween the rocks back there." "That pone and pork means a chance, but it's a slim one."

Heleu set her lips, Jack turned pale, Ginger showed no emotion whatever, while Buck remarked that he'd be "darned if he didn't plunk one of 'em, anyway." As for myself, I was aghast at the terrible fate that threatened those who had so nobly and so bravely risked all in my behalf.

"What brought you here?" I asked, impatiently, of Helen.

"When you were taken from our house I resolved to follow. Buck came In just as I started, and insisted on foining me. We traced you to Colonel Rutland's plantation"-

"I see. It was you I heard coming in after I went up stairs."

"Ginger took the horses to the stable and was returning to the house when he saw two men climb a tree near your window and enter your room. watched from a distance and saw them bring you out, but he could not tell whether they were taking you away by force or assisting you to cape. Coming into the house, he told us what had happened.

"Jack started to awaken Captain Beaumont, but I stopped her. If you had been assisted to escape, this would be fatal. Besides, from what Jack had told me of the captain, I judged be would have his night's rest before starting in pursuit. I told Jack I would fellow you myself, and she was wild to come with me. Ginger had seen you hoped to free myself from my thong leave the plantation and knew the direction you had taken. We sent him and Buck ahead, and they soon camed his eyes. I snored. He nodded again near enough to you to hear your horses' grasped the knife. Thoughtful Buck | hoof beats, then waited for us to come up. Soon after we lost track of you, my knees. I cut the ropes that bound but, hearing something come crashing

"A stone. -"we followed the direction of the iv, 1-11; Acts xii, 1-11; Heb. i, 14. would hear the click. I thought I sound. In the early morning Buck and would conceal the sound by a sneeze Ginger came upon you unexpectedly.
but a sneeze might disturb some of the As soon as you had gone they rejoined Right conceptions of God. Christ and for allies he Father's legion of angels us, we shadowed you and yesterday only to be gained in the manner in time been silent, looted. It usuall, afternoon laid a plan for your escape." which God Himself has indicated and you round and it is night, you still need ed one, two and at the third cocket circumstance has led to another, each been formed the perplexing features as you never before met to learn of my revolver. Through my half closer involving you more deeply. My God, of His character and government God's heavenly helpers. Open your lids I cast a glance at the guard. Hi what a load of obligation! We can't mostly fall naturally into place and eyes and see against the background eyes were shut. I looked significantl, stay here. We'll starve. Buck, couldn't find explanation. We see how He is of mountains and midnight the charicts at Buck and Ginger to show them that you slip out in the darkness and find

> "But you may save all our lives." "Why don't you go, Mr. Brandy our conditions shift, is justified, and stone?

"I? I must stay with your sister and love and trust and obey Him. He who my eyes fixed on the man by the fire cousin. Besides, I'm big and couldn't has an idea of God which is repellent

"Bucky," said Jack, "yo' needn't go.

"Yo' don' do nuffin like dat, Missy

impossible.

see them standing, looking up at our United Presbyterian. position. I told every one to lie low hoping that some of the outlaws would climb up to investigate and we might pick them off. For more than an hour we remained concealed, only speaking Most of our difficulties in connection in whispers; then we saw the knot of when a woman's voice cried men below divide, three going to the tice and enjoyment of it. He who can west, three to the east, while three be- sing when a burden is imposed upon

gan to climb toward our fortress. One things seem dark or can find content remained below, and as the light in- when duties run against nature is sure creased I saw it was the captain.

[CONTINUED.]



CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Topic For the Week Beginning Sept. 8-Comment by Rev. S. H. Doyle.

Toric,-Heavenly helpers.-II Kings vi. 15-17. The Scriptural incident illustrating the topic is from the record of the great expedition of Bereadad, king of Syria, into the land of Israel, during which occurred the famous siege of Samaria in the time of Elisha, the prophet. The morning after the encompassment of the city Elisha's servant went out early to reconnoiter. When he saw the greatness of the besleging host, he was alarmed, and, having returned, said to his master, "How shall we do?" Elisha replied, "Fear not, for they that be with us are greater than they that be with them." He then prayed for the Lord to open his servant's eyes, "and the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw and beheld the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." And, later on, at the sound of this invisible bost, the Syrian fied, and Israel was delivered. Thus Israel was of form. helped by heaven helpers.

1. Heavenly helpers are real; these hosts of God were real, though invisible; Elisha's servant did not see them, nor realize their presence, but Elisha undoubtedly saw them by the eye of faith. By faith he was conscious of the presence of God's hosts, though he had not seen them, and what Elisha saw by faith the young man was allowed to see by sight. The reality of the spirit world cannot be doubted. It is a doctrine of God's word. "The angel of the Lord encampeth around about them that fear Him to deliver Human experience corrobo rates the testimony of Scripture. By faith men have seen and been beloed by God's ministering angels. As they have been, so may we be.

2. Heavenly angels are a necessity. God's people are in constant conflict with His enemies—"the world, the flesh and the devil." These enemies are shrewd and powerful; man alone could not stand against them; he would appear in contrast with them as Israel appeared when compared with the army of Syria. Hence arises the necessity of help from God from the heavenly world. It should be our custom to depend upon this help and not upon our own strength in meeting the temptations of life. Our enemies are real; our weakness is great. Our need of divine help is imperative. Above all should we look unto Jesus for grace to help in time of need. He, above all others, is the best heaven helper.

3. Heavenly helpers help. Many so called helps in life are not very helpful. Some hinder and harm rather than help. Not so the help that comes from heaven. It actually helps. God's "grace is sufficient for us." We "can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth us." The angels of God do encamp around about us to deliver us. Let us depend upon these divine helps more and upon ourselves less. "Look ever to Jesus. He'll carry you through."

THE PRAYER MEETING. Have a Bible reading on the topic.

RIBLE READINGS. Gen. xlx, 1-3, 15-17, xxxli, 1, 2, 24-30; I Kings xix, 1-8; H Kings xix, 32-36; Ps. xci, 11, 12; Dan, iii, 19-30; Math.

His law because He loves us too much | give way to faith. tudes which He adopts toward us, as we learn, if we are willing to learn, to may be sure that the trouble lies with "Well, I ain't a-goin to sneak away him, not with the truth about God .-Congregationalist.

Enduring Peace.

The peace which the world gives is been concealed and was about to tak | Jack," cried Ginger. "Dem grillers not enduring. Disease of body or new shoot yo'! Wha' mars' say ef I go back convictions of mind or a change in an tell 'em de apple ob he eye go down worldly circumstances may and gen-'mong grillers fo' to git shot? I gwine, erally does destroy it. But the peace which Jesus gives abideth ever and But by this time there was more call- finds its full position only in the life shot him through the head and befor, ing among the men below, a streak of to come. True, for loving and chastenlight appeared in the east, and I did ing purposes God often suspends the not dare let any one attempt to evade sensible enjoyment of this peace for a the enemy. Besides, I could now see time, but it is only that our languishby the lay of the land that it would be ling love may thereby be rekindled and our communion with Him may become Something must have given the guer- more close and confidential. This peace rillas an inkling of our whereabouts, is founded upon the conscious love of made quick progress. Jump for as soon as it was light we could God and is lasting as that love .--

Christian Life.

The more heart one puts into the Christian life the easier it is to live it. with it arise from a half hearted prachim or can rise on faith's pinions when to have a cheery, hopeful and blessed experience of the Lord's favor and service.-Presbyterian.

Too Short.

Life is too short to nurse one's misery. Hurry across the lowlands, that you may spend more time on the mountain tops.-Phillips Brooks.

The Comfort. How long shall we go weeping loud-For dear ones laid away?

How long go mourning to the stars And crying all the day?

Until in deep sincerity We lift our hearts above And say, "Thy comfort on us, Lord, We trust Thy healing love!" —Philadelphia Ledger.

EPWORTH LEAGUE.

Pople For the Week Beginning Sept. 8-"Heavenly Helpers"-Text, II Kings vi. 15-17.

"And he saw, and, behold, the mountain full of horses and chariots of fire

round about Elisha." We see but a small part of what takes place in this world. It is not because we have never traveled much or spend much time in sleep that we see so little. Much occurs directly before our eyes, but we are gazing on something else and never behold it until some power touches us and we look and see. Some things can only be seen after long concentration of attention. But, once seen. these sights richly repay all the exertion and waiting. One cause why life seems so dull and monotonous is that we look almost wholly on the commonplace and rarely penetrate beneath the surface and behold the fascinating play of powers which move and mold life in all its infinite varieties

We are closed in at many times by forces which seem resistless and which we know are antagonistic. We are helpless in any conflict with them. "Alas, how shall we do?" is our cry. Well for us in such an hour if we have some teacher of experience to pray for the opening of our eyes and to greet our fears with his faith. Happier still if some of his insight shall be granted us and as we look more intently at the belenguering hosts we see beyond them the encompassing ranks of the chariots and horses of God.

How do these invisible allies help us? Most frequently their presence is unknown to us by any physical sign. We neither see their banners nor hear their bugle calls. The rumble of their chariet wheels and hoofbeats of their horses do not sound along our hills. We do not know when or where they close their battle lines around our enemies. Only in some rare moment of vision we catch the sight of the mountain camp, and forever after the surety of protecting guards abides with us. We know as we never realized before that "the angel of the Lord encamps around them that fear Him and delivereth them."

Our vision has not made the fact of divine protection more certain, but has increased our certainty of the fact. We saw only a glimpse just for a moment. Such sight is not sufficient data for a scientific conclusion. One instance cannot establish a general law in the realm of material things, but such a glance is all that is needed in the realm of grace to give firm assurance for faith, and we conclude unerringly from this one instant of revelation that we have had a momentary flash of recognition of an eternal reality. We ask no surer basis of confidence. "They that be with us are more than they that be with them." Faith in God's protection casts out fear of anything man can do to us. All dread of Syrian captivity vanishes, and with cool audacity we plan to capture the host of the enemy. Without bloodshed or panic we lead them to the very center of our own camp, feast them in all our capital cities and send them home unbarmed and with all their weapons of war. And, lo! we have conquered, for "the bands of Syria come

no more into the land of Israel." Elisha conquered with the weapons of Christ and for allies had the divine

If all the forces of hell are closing "A wild, impracticable scheme. One made possible. But when they have not fear. This is an opportunity such compelled to maintain the dignity of and horses of fire. Your faintness shall

Friendship of Christ. Any man, any soul, may have the friendship or His words are without meaning. His heart aches with pity for our loneliness and for the poverty that we misname riches. He will listen to what we have to tell Him; He will take what we have to offer Him, however simple the story, however humble the fare, and He will give to us the heavenly food wherewith His earthly life was sustained-the meat that men know not of. They who have set wide the door of their being to Him have caught from the presence of this divine guest their first bint of the possible rapture of living; they have had in the face of Christ their first true

Our Limitations.

glimpse of God .- Lucy Larcom.

The lesson of all true living in every sphere is to learn our own limitations. It is the first lesson in art to work within the essential limitations of the particular art. But in dealing with other lives it is perhaps the hardest of all lessons to learn and submit to our limitations. It is the crowning grace of faith when we are willing to submit and leave those we love in the hands of God, as we leave ourselves.-Hugh Black.

The Spiritual Life.

The spiritual life is a spirit led life. It has new impulses, new sensations, new deeds. It is a life which no longer goes its own way. It has surrendered its way to the spirit's better way. By submission to the spirit's direction it escapes the dominion of the flesh. The spiritual life is a life yielded fully to the control of the mighty spirit of God.-Episcopal Recorder.

My Portion.

To count no cost in time or will, To simply try my place to fill, To do because the act is right, To live as living in His eight, To try each day His will to know. To try each day His will to know. To tread the way his will may show, To regulate each plan I make, Each hope I build or hope I break. To please the heart which pleases me Through daily tireless ministry. To live for Him who gave me life. Destrict for Him who gave me life. To strive for Him who suffered strife and sacrifice through death for me-

Let this my juy, my portion be.
-Christian Work.

TUESDAY

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FRIDAY.